A fluffy fill

For **epicycles**: Dean/Gabriel, PG, fluff - kinda role-reversal?-ish?, I hope you like!

Dean wakes up to Gabriel asleep on his chest, and stops. He's not nursing a hangover, he remembers the previous night clearly (and knows exactly why his ass is sore) and he stops.

He's never seen Gabriel sleep before. Or look this peaceful before.

Dean reaches and puts a hand in Gabriel's hair, just touching, and thinks he's never been so gentle before. It's a weird thing to realize, but this archangel, this creature who could rend him limb from limb with his thoughts -

Gabriel looks *vulnerable*, almost innocent when he sleeps.

Dean would think that he looks like an angel, but instead he marvels at how the sunlight hits Gabriel's hair and is so relieved that no one else is around to call him on how soft he's being.

Gabriel grunts softly, and Dean tightens his grip, then lets go, letting his hand drop to the bed.

He watches Gabriel wake up, and kisses him before he's done, savors how Gabriel's early-morning breath is sweet, savors how Gabriel's not yet awake enough to make it really good.

When he pulls back Gabriel's still bleary.

"Good morning," Dean says at least.

"Mrf."

"Not a morning angel, are we?"

Gabriel squints at him, then drops his head to Dean's chest and curls back up, going back to sleep.